

The Searcher

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Summary: He has traveled for years, been in many cities, followed many leads. He is no Freeman, no Calhoun, no Shepherd. He is a but a min, searching for what he has lost, trying to find the only bit of his past still left. Now he's got a lead. And it leads to City 17.

The Searcher

A CP sat at his desk late at night, reading some reports about some guy who ran in front of one of the Razor trains.

Needless to say, the result wasn't pretty. Fred sighed. You would think his job- one that consisted of keeping track of the "cargo" that passed in through the trains in City 20- would have a little less death. But no, you had drunken Irish jumpinâ€œ

Suddenly, he heard footsteps behind him. Grabbing his baton, he swirled around in his chair. However, he wasn't fast enough, and was knocked out by a rather large rock.

The assailant move quietly to the officer's desk, putting an almost empty bottle of rum on his desk, then proceeding to open the desk drawers.

Within moments, he found what he was looking for; "Shipping Manifests", or what a normal person would call a passenger list.

Opening it, he quickly scanned down the numbers. One caught his eye; 13217.

The one he was looking for. He read the info next to it:

Age: 33

Sex: F

Rank: Citizen

Destination: 17

City 17. He'd never been there before. Rumor had it that some important rebels were based near there.

However, those were just rumors about people who may or may not be there. This was concrete fact, about the only person he knew he had left.

The man closed the book, and put it back in the cabinet. He exited the building quietly, unheard by anyone.

A few minutes later, Civil Protection Officer Fred Delahue woke up with a pounding headache, not remembering the last few hours.

"Ughâ€¦" he groaned as he sat up. had someone knocked him out?

Suddenly, he noticed the almost empty bottle of rum on the desk.

He knew what happened to CPs who were caught drinking on the job.

As if God himself had a personal vendetta against him, his superior had to choose _that moment_ to come in through the door.

The doomed officer muttered a "Fuck."

The next afternoon, Citizen 13216 walked into the train station's relocation office, and was greeted with a, "'Noon, Major," from an officer in his desk, facing away from him.

13216 cleared his throat.

The officer turned around, and saw the citizen standing there.

"Oh, sorry! We never get visitors here. Um," he said, clearly embarrassed. "How may I assist you citizen?"

"I'm here to file a relocation request."

The officer seemed surprised. "You sure? Most people want to stay as long as possible. Number, please?"

"13216"

He turned around and typed it into his computer. "Number 13216. Age: 33. Sex: Male. Race: Caucasian. Rank: Star Citizen. Demerits: None." The CP whistled. "Haven't seen someone with no 'demerits' in a long time. Says here you lived in 8, 4, 12, 13, and now 20. You like moving? Most don't."

The man shrugged. "Might as well get used to it." It was an excuse he had used many times, and it worked, as the CP just nodded and asked, "Where would you like to relocate?"

"City 17."

****And, its done! After getting done with chapter 11 of my Fallout fic, I felt an amazing idea pop into my head. I started writing a concept first chapterâ€|****

****So here it is! I won't really be focusing on this muchâ€| Hell, this may just end up to be a one shot. However, I am really interested in this idea, so it probably won't be doomed to die.****

****Stupid A.D.D. Gives me all of these great ideas but not the attention span to finish themâ€|****

End
file.